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YOUNG
INDIANA JONES
and the
EYE OF THE TIGER
By William McCay



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YOUNG
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Chapter 1

“Dad, do you think you could hurry it up a little?” Young Indiana Jones cast an anxious glance over his shoulder. Except for the pair of Chinese porters carrying their trunks, he and his father were alone. And that was not a good way to be on the docks of Tientsin.

This year, 1914, was a dangerous time to be in China. Tientsin, the port that led to Peking, was especially risky. And the dock-yard area was the worst of all. Indy was all too aware of these facts as he strode through the maze of rundown warehouses.

"This millionaire parks his boat in a pretty shabby area," he said.

"Denis told me that Mr. Hungerford's company owns the pier," Indy's father replied.

Denis was Denis Thornton, an old college friend of Professor Henry Jones. Indy had met the British scholar before, but he was especially glad to bump into him in Peking.

Indy's father was a professor who studied the literature of the Middle Ages. He had come to China looking for six-hundred-year-old records of an earlier visitor, Marco Polo. Instead, the professor and Indy had found war and chaos. Riots seemed to be breaking out in the streets daily. Foreigners had been attacked on trains.

But Denis Thornton had offered them a safer way out of China. His employer, Amos Hungerford, had a yacht docked in Tientsin. All they had to do was get to the port in one piece....

Indy heard the crowd first as a wall of noise. A dull roar came from around the corner behind them. Then came the crowd itself. Dozens of fists rose in the air. Over a hundred eyes turned toward Indy and

Professor Jones. More than a hundred feet began to move. But the mob seemed to speak with one voice. Even though the cry was in Chinese, Indy understood it all too well.

“Death to the foreign devils!” the mob howled.

Professor Jones didn’t speak Chinese too well, but he got the idea. Unfortunately, so did the porters moving the Joneses’ luggage. They dumped the boxes and ran for their lives.

Indy wanted to run, too, but his father had stopped by the ditched luggage. Professor Jones was trying to pry a wooden packing case free. It was full of books and manuscripts research material the professor had collected in Peking. He was trying to rescue his scholarly treasures. But Indy didn’t think they were worth dying for.

“Dad, come on!” he called.

Professor Jones continued to wrestle with the crate. Indy shook his head. Obviously, they weren’t leaving without that box. He ran back to his father and grabbed one end of the case.

The blasted thing was heavy. They weren't so much running as staggering along.

"Dad," Indy said between gasps, "if we don't dump this, they're going to get us."

"Never!" Professor Jones stubbornly set his chin. Indy was surprised to notice gray hairs beginning to frost his father's beard.

Then the two of them lurched as something hit the wooden box with a heavy *thunk!*

Indy and his father peered around the crate. A heavy knife stood quivering in the slats.

"You've got a point, son!" Professor Jones dropped the box and began running. Indy was right at his heels. And a few yards behind, the furious mob howled after them.

The Joneses rounded a corner to find themselves at the end of a pier. A large sign announced, HUNGERFORD CORPORATION.

Moored halfway down the dock was a low, fancy vessel about sixty feet long. It was painted bright white, and a dozen sailors lounged on its deck.

As soon as they saw the Joneses and heard the crowd, the sailors jumped to their

feet. Indy thought they looked more like pirates than yacht crewmen. But they moved quickly as a thin, oily-skinned man in a black officer's cap barked an order. And the sailors obviously knew how to use the rifles they were grabbing.

The seamen formed a line on the deck. Moving together, they worked the bolts on their rifles to slide a bullet into firing position—*klick-chack!*

At the same time, a heavy-bodied man in a blue blazer and white trousers rushed to the stern of the yacht. He threw off a canvas cover to reveal a machine gun.

The mob stumbled to a halt. Chasing two foreign devils was one thing, Indy thought. Looking down the barrels of a dozen rifles and facing a machine gun—that was something else.

The heavy-bodied gunner fired a blast over the heads of the angry Chinese, and they began to retreat.

Indy frowned. Why were they yelling the word for “thief”? He and his father hadn’t stolen anything.

Denis Thornton, a lean, balding man,

rushed down the gangplank."Henry!...And—er—Henry."

Indy frowned. He wasn't very fond of his real name. "Why don't you call me Indy, Mr. Thornton? All my friends do."

Thornton shook his hand. "Thank heavens you got here ahead of that mob!"

"Though you look a bit light in the luggage department," said the big fellow who'd manned the machine gun.

He went on to introduce himself: "Amos Hungerford," he said. He had a big, jowly face with colorless, shrewd eyes that looked over Indy and his father. "Did you lose your bags nearby?"

"About two turns of the road ago." Indy pointed back the way they had come.

The millionaire shouted orders in some foreign language to the thin, oily-skinned man, who sent crew members to fetch the trunks. Indy noticed that several carried their rifles along for protection.

Professor Jones and Denis Thornton went with them. That made Indy grin. Of course Dad would rush to rescue his precious books.

Indy turned to Amos Hungerford. "Do you always carry a machine gun on your boat?"

Hungerford gave a loud laugh. "Several of 'em, boy! You don't know what I've got aboard here." He smiled as Indy sneaked another glance at the weapon. "Sit down and try her on for size."

He led Indy aboard and over to the machine gun. "They call this model the 'Treechopper,'" he said. "I've seen Hiram Maxim, the inventor, sit down behind the sights and run a belt of bullets through—and before he was done, he'd have cut a tree in half. Quite a salesman—old Maxim sold thousands upon thousands of guns."

Indy nodded. "And they're killing hundreds of thousands of soldiers all across Europe."

The Continent was ablaze with a huge conflict—a world war. On one side were Germany and Austria-Hungary, joined by Turkey. On the other stood an alliance among Britain, France, Belgium, Russia, Serbia, and Japan. In the four months since August, when the war began, the casualty lists had been horrifying.

"That's what I told Maxim years ago,

Hungerford said. "Invent something to help the Europeans cut their own throats." He patted the water-filled cylinder that cooled the gun's barrel. "This is about power, boy. That's what that mob saw."

The millionaire sat Indy behind the gun. "Power is what makes the world go round," he said. "There are two kinds of people in this world—the ones behind the trigger, and the ones under the gun."

Indy gripped the handles of the machine gun. For a second, he felt the power as he aimed through the sights. Then his father and Denis Thornton came around the corner, right into his line of fire.

Indy yanked his hands back as if the handles were red-hot.

Professor Jones waved cheerily. "Everything recovered," he called.

Behind him, the sailors dragged the collection of trunks and boxes.

"Get that stuff aboard," Hungerford ordered. "We cast off as soon as it's loaded."

Only Indy heard the millionaire mutter, "That mob will be back. And they'd tear us and this boat apart to get what they want."

Chapter 2

Hungerford's yacht, the *Panther*, was much faster than any ship Indy had sailed on. But it wasn't comfortable. Although the yacht *looked* large, Indy and his father were given a poky little cabin.

Denis Thornton apologized. "I'm afraid my cabin is no larger," he explained. "Most of the space on the ship is taken up with Mr. Hungerford's new acquisitions."

"Acquisitions?" Indy asked.

Thornton smiled. "Mr. Hungerford is a collector of Orientalia."

"Asian art." Professor Jones explained.

"And Denis here studies it. He's developed quite a reputation in the field."

"Fame, but no fortune," Thornton said. "When your father and I were at university together, I never thought I'd end up working for an American millionaire."

Professor Jones shrugged. "I never thought I'd be teaching at Princeton."

Hungerford's name finally clicked in Indy's brain. "I've heard of him!" he exclaimed. "*Hungry* Hungerford, the Scourge of the Sawmills, Ravager of the Railroads, Menace to the Money Barons."

"Mr. Hungerford has indeed made money in each of those lines of business," Thornton admitted. "And there are journalists of a certain class who delight in giving him those sorts of titles. I believe they're called muckrakers."

"I can't believe you would repeat such things about our host." Professor Jones scolded Indy. Of course, Indy's father rarely read newspapers. If Hungerford had been one of Charlemagne's paladins from the eighth century, Professor Jones would have known all about him. But the professor's

grip on current events on anything after the year 1400, as a matter of fact—was a bit weak.

“To tell the truth.” Thornton said gloomily, “Mr. Hungerford shows a sort of odd pride in the names he’s called by the press. Considering his success in getting artwork from its owners, he’ll probably get a new nickname: the Attila of Antiquities.”

The scholar shrugged. “We visited an old temple in the city and found a T’ang Dynasty statuette, a matchless piece. The head priest wouldn’t part with it, although Hungerford offered fabulous sums of money. Good-bye to that, I thought. But Hungerford must have kept bargaining. The first mate brought the statuette aboard the morning we left Tientsin.”

Indy said nothing, but he thought about the cries of “Thief!” he’d heard on the Tientsin docks.

Thornton and Professor Jones moved on into scholarly shop talk. Indy excused himself and went out on deck.

As he climbed up the companionway, a shadow fell over him. Indy looked up to see

the oily-skinned man who ran the yacht for Hungerford. Indy had learned the man's name—Sarik—and discovered that he was a lascar, a sailor from Bombay.

Most of the sailors on the yacht had turned out to be friendly enough, if a bit rough. But Sarik was unfriendly—standoffish and a bit scary, even to the other crew members.

He had a habit of moving silently and appearing unexpectedly. Now he blocked Indy's way. A little knife appeared in his hands, and he began paring his fingernails.

That was another thing Indy didn't like about him. Sarik seemed all too familiar with that knife.

"Got to report to *Sahib* Hungerford," Sarik finally said. "We reach Chittagong."

He pushed past Indy, who climbed up to the deck. At first, all he saw was fog. Then came a puff of breeze, and the mist broke like a curtain tearing open.

They were at the mouth of a river, with a city spread out along one bank. It was a sleepy-looking place, mainly warehouses and mud huts with a sprinkling of European-

style buildings farther inland on hilltops. But it had to be Chittagong, their first destination. They'd reached India!

This city was the gateway to eastern Bengal. From here they would travel up-country, to an Indian princely state—some place called Killahabad.

Indy had seen enough exotic places in his travels. He'd also seen a lot of places that were *supposed* to be exotic, but turned out to be dull and dirty. He wasn't sure what to expect here. But as Hungerford's yacht made its way through the harbor, Indy began to get the feeling that this would be a boring visit.

When they arrived at a dock, a British man in a suit and sun helmet met them. "Mr. Hungerford, I'm Palmerston, of the Viceroy's Political Office. In the name of the Raj, I welcome you to India."

Indy knew what the Raj was—*raj* was the Indian word for government. But he wondered what the "Political Office" might be.

Denis Thornton explained. "The Viceroy is the top British official in India. He rules more than half the country himself. For the

rest, he sends out political agents as diplomats of sorts. They work with the rulers of the princely states."

He smiled. "The political agent in the state of Killahabad is Willie Alden, an old school friend of your father's and mine. I'll enjoy seeing him. It's been twenty years."

"Thanks, Palmerston," Hungerford said to the official. "I'm really looking forward to this trip."

The millionaire was wearing a white linen suit and had a solar topee on his head. He stood up straight, but even so, his belly bulged against his vest. He looked like a heavy man whose tailor had fitted his suit perfectly—but who then had put on ten extra pounds.

A smile lit up Hungerford's jowly face, and the back of his neck stuck out, making a pink roll over his starched collar. "When can we leave?"

Palmerston hesitated a second. "It isn't easy, heading *mofussil*—up-country. We had problems making travel arrangements for your party."

Hungerford's smile disappeared. "Money is no object. I'll just hire a train—"

"No railways pass near Killahabad," the British official explained. "And I understand you don't ride a horse." He glanced at Hungerford's bulk.

"I don't suppose this is automobile country," Hungerford said. "Why don't you find me a carriage?"

"That is what we did," Palmerston said. "There is a carriage of sorts bound for Killahabad state—although I fear it's not very handsome...."

A deep "Moooo!" came from the landward end of the dock.

Hungerford turned, and his mouth fell open. "What is *that*?" he demanded.

That was an incredibly crude two-wheeled cart made from rough-hewn wood. Mud-covered wheels rose four feet high. And the cart was drawn by a pair of water buffalo. The animals looked like cattle, but they had oversized heads and droopy skin.

"I'm afraid it's the only available transportation, sir," Palmerston said. "We can

provide horses for those of your party who ride."

Hungerford looked as if he was about to explode. But when he discovered it was a case of ride in the cart or walk, he grumpily climbed aboard.

Indy and his father rode horses. Denis Thornton chose to take the cart with his employer. After several orders to Sarik on how to manage the yacht, Hungerford declared himself ready to leave.

If everyone had been on horseback, they might have ridden to Killahabad in a day or two. But the water buffalo moved at a slower pace. The travelers splashed up muddy roads and took ferry rides across river after river.

As the days went on, however, the flat, marshy land grew drier, and hills appeared in the distance.

"As I understand it, Killahabad is on the edge of the Chittagong Hill Tracts. That's a complete wilderness, inhabited by wild tribes," Professor Jones said. "It's because of that remoteness that Killahabad remained

semi-independent when the British took over Bengal."

But as they approached the foothills. Indy thought the area looked anything but wild. Carefully cultivated and pruned bushes were lined up in the shade of trees. "What are they?" he asked.

"Those bushes are where tea leaves come from," Thornton explained.

"I made a killing in the tea market once." Hungerford shifted uncomfortably on the wooden slabs that made up the cart's floor.

"Is there anything you haven't made money on?" Indy asked.

The millionaire shrugged. "I started out in steel, but Carnegie was running most of that. Rockefeller had oil. J. P. Morgan ran the money business with his bank. I just picked up a dollar wherever I could."

As the land got hillier, the cart moved even more slowly. As evening came on the fourth day, the group reached a collection of mud-brick huts with thatched roofs. But Indy could barely take in the view—sunset in India was like a sudden "lights out."

The cart driver turned to Denis Thornton and spoke in rapid-fire Bengali.

"He says we've reached Killahabad. The *dak-bungalow*—the local government rest house—is just down the road."

A few minutes later they came to a stop beside the shadowy mass of a large building. At least it looks more solid than those huts we passed, Indy thought. Dark wooden timbers stood out against the whitewashed walls. A steep thatched roof rose a good twenty-five feet overhead. Across the front of the house stretched a roofed veranda. The porch seemed half the size of the building.

Lamps with glass chimneys glowed on the veranda. As Indy came closer; he saw a man sitting in a very peculiar chair. The man rested his back on a curving surface of woven cane. But his feet were up in the air, on rests that looked like extensions of the arms of a regular chair. The odd piece of furniture also had a built-in shelf where a tall glass rested.

When he heard the cart come creaking up, the man on the chair put down the

newspaper he was reading. He stood and shouted "*Koi hai?*" in a sharp voice.

Instantly, servants appeared. They helped unload Amos Hungerford and all the luggage. The Englishman on the veranda—the Raj officer, Indy now realized—gave orders in Bengali.

The man was a bit taller than either Professor Jones or Denis Thornton, and lean in an athletic way. His graying hair and neatly clipped mustache stood out against deeply tanned skin. He grinned. "Jones! Thornton!" he said. Then he turned to Hungerford and held out his hand. "William Alden, political agent for this neck of the woods."

Turning to the servants, he ordered, "*Chota pegs for the sahibs.*" Then, with a glance at Indy, he added: "And a lemonade for the *chokra*."

In moments, the adults all had drinks of whisky and soda. Indy held his glass of iced lemonade as his father introduced him.

"I think it's just as easy for you to sleep here tonight," Alden said. "I'll take you round to the fort tomorrow and introduce you to the native ruler, the *Nawab*."

"The fort? Don't you mean the palace?" Hungerford said.

"It was built as a fort, and that's what the local prince calls it," Alden said. "His name is Bagh Khan, which means 'Tiger Chief.' But I'm afraid the name makes him sound more powerful than he really is. This state is tiny, and they're pretty hard up for ready cash."

"But there is the ivory collection," Hungerford said eagerly. "I want to talk to this Nabob—"

"*Nawab*." Alden corrected him.

"Whatever he calls himself. I want to speak to him as soon as possible."

As Hungerford spoke, a cheerful voice cried "What ho?" from the darkness outside the veranda.

Alden shrugged. "It looks as if you'll meet *some* of the royal family this evening."

As a figure came into the lamplight, Alden said, "Let me introduce the *Nawabzada*—the royal heir: Prince Kasim Khan.

Chapter 3

Indy's first glimpse of an Indian prince was a big surprise. Kasim wore a turban, but his tweed suit looked like something from a London tailor.

"I say!" Kasim exclaimed. He glanced around. "Quite the crowd of arrivals!"

He was a young man, maybe four years older than Indy. His handsome face had high cheekbones and a dark tan. It also boasted the funniest-looking little mustache Indy had ever seen.

The only place Indy had seen mustaches like that was in the theater. And they

usually appeared on the silly Englishmen in comedies. The prince even *sounded* like a comic Englishman.

“Won’t Pater be surprised!”

Indy blinked. Did people really call their fathers by that name?

“The prince is just down from Oxford,” Alden explained.

What did he major in? Indy wondered. Being an upper-class twit?

Indy had spent some time in England. For a while, he’d even attended a famous British boarding school. But he hadn’t enjoyed his time there. Kasim reminded him of his silliest, snobbiest classmates.

Glancing around, the prince gave the visitors a radiant smile. “Tomorrow is *durbar* day. I’m sure my father will be glad to welcome you.”

“*Durbar?*” Indy repeated the unfamiliar word.

“Prince Kasim’s father will hold an open court to meet with his people,” Thornton explained.

“I look forward to it,” Hungerford said. I just hope Prince Kasim’s father isn’t as

silly-looking as his son, Indy thought.

The travelers spent a crowded night in the bungalow and a busy morning cleaning up for the royal *durbar*.

A pair of soldiers stood at the outer gate of the royal residence as dozens of people entered. There were farmers, town workers, even herdsmen from farther up in the hills.

As William Alden approached, the crowd parted. The soldiers made a gesture of respect—a *salaam*. Then the visiting party entered a dusty courtyard packed with people. At one end stood an open-sided tent with a small knot of people sitting under it. Most sat on the ground.

But one man sat on a low couch. He wore a loose jacket and trousers of white cotton, but his turban was of silk. A gold pin studded with jewels held it together.

Bagh Khan looked a little older than Indy's father. His face was rounder than Kasim's, and he had a full, fierce beard shot with gray. Both father and son had the same dark eyes. But Bagh Khan's showed confidence and wisdom. Kasim's eyes seemed to reflect only cheerful empty-headedness.

When he saw Alden and the visitors enter, Bagh Khan beckoned them forward. The British political agent bowed and made introductions. Then Hungerford spoke.

"Your Highness, I collect Oriental art. And I understand you have quite a collection of ivory."

"In his later years, my father amassed many pieces," Bagh Khan replied in perfect English. "One might say he turned all the state's gold into ivory."

"Perhaps I might be able to help with that." Hungerford glanced upward. The tent over Bagh Khan's head was heavily patched. "I have with me a great expert on Oriental art, Denis Thornton. He's also an old schoolfellow of your political agent. Perhaps he could examine and catalog the collection."

"My permission is gladly granted," Bagh Khan said. "When the *durbar* is finished, my servants will help you move into our guest quarters. But now I must return to the business of ruling. Several of my subjects have reported a man-eating tiger roaming the hills. We must decide what to do."

"I say, Pater," Kasim spoke up in his Oxford style. "Why don't I ride out there and take a *dekko*?"

Indy understood that the prince was offering to take a look, using an Indian word that had crept into British slang.

"After all," Kasim went on, "I jolly well ought to be reacquainting myself with the countryside. All the better if I can do something useful."

He glanced over at the visitors. "Perhaps some of our guests might like to come along."

"I'd appreciate the chance for a look around," Indy said.

Somebody ought to go with this poor boob, he thought. Otherwise he might wind up as a tiger's lunch.

"Let it be so." Bagh Khan said. "Ranjit Singh will also accompany you."

"Righty-ho," Kasim said. "Would you mind dreadfully if we left now? The earlier we start, the sooner we'll be back."

The ruler gestured for his son to go.

Kasim rose to his feet and took Indy off to the stables. Today the prince was wearing

a riding jacket and jodhpur pants. "Get the young *sahib* a solar topee," he ordered one of the grooms. "Can't have you riding about with that heavy hat on," he told Indy. "The sun will end up frying your brains."

"I thought this was the cold weather," Indy protested.

"Relatively speaking, yes," Kasim admitted. "Bengal winters get about as chilly as your state of Florida. Down on the plains, the temperature will reach the eighties. And while we get a bit cooler in the hills, that sun will still be beating down."

Reluctantly, Indy gave up his fedora and put on the cork sun helmet. By then, the grooms had saddled up a magnificent horse for Kasim and a shaggy hill pony for Indy.

Just as Kasim swung aboard his horse, a rider came cantering up. Indy immediately recognized him as a Sikh, one of India's warrior peoples. The rider's beard was white, but his dark eyes were fierce, and he was armed with a variety of weapons. Besides carrying a rifle in his hand, the man wore a huge sword and several knives.

Kasim made the introductions. "Henry

Jones, Ranjit Singh—my bodyguard.”

“How do you do,” Indy said. Then he turned to Kasim. “Your Highness, I know I was introduced to you as Henry. But I’d like it if you used my nickname—Indy.”

“Jolly good!” Kasim replied. “And you must call me Kasim.”

As they rode up into the hills, Kasim explained that this was new country for him. Except for brief visits, he’d spent the last seven years in England.

“Pater wanted me educated as an Englishman, and that meant boarding school,” Kasim said.

Indy felt a stab of sympathy. “I was stuck in one of them for a while.”

“Sounds as though you didn’t like it,” Kasim said in surprise. “I had a grand time—got to be a regular person, don’t you know. Then came university. But Pater kept me home when this war started. I think he feared I might join up.” Kasim laughed.

He might talk like his head is full of air, but he’s a fine horseman, Indy thought as they followed a river valley deeper into the hills.

The hillsides were a riot of greenery. Some of the trees looked like oaks, some like pines. But there were creepers and bushes Indy couldn't identify. Everything grew in a luxuriant tangle. It seemed a dozen tigers could live on each hill and never be seen.

At the top of one hill, Indy noticed rocky crags piercing the forest growth. Then he realized the stone was carved. Huge stone blocks, the remains of a wall, rose up like rotted teeth among the greenery.

Kasim reined in his horse. "My word!" he exclaimed. "What's this? Looks like a blooming lost city."

Ranjit Singh scowled as he fingered his rifle. "*Naga* work," he declared.

"*Naga?*" said Indy.

"Yes, those are the demons," answered Ranjit Singh. "The country people tell stories of a city of demons who could change their shapes. They disguised themselves as animals and went out to kill. We should leave this place."

Kasim sat up straight in his saddle. His eyes gleamed with the pride of an Oxford man. "Leave because of a silly superstition?

That's not on!" He turned to Indy. "Care for a spot of exploring?"

They guided their horses through an opening in the wall. A huge tree, now dead, had tumbled the stone blocks like toys.

"I don't know how fast things grow around here," Indy said. "But that tree is no sapling."

"This wall must be centuries old," Kasim agreed. "It was built long before my people came here. Imagine the hill folk keeping it a secret."

The ruins inside were overgrown. Building walls had been torn down by the never-ending growth of greenery. Carved pillars poked up. But the pictures chiseled into the stone weren't too pleasant.

Scenes of murder with strange weapons kept appearing. So did scenes of animals killing people. Here, a panther leaped onto a screaming woman. There, a wild boar pierced a man with its tusks. "Great taste in art these people had," Indy said.

"Bit on the grim side, what?" Kasim reined in his horse. "Look there!"

A large stone column carved with tigers

leaned at a drunken angle. At its base, several stones had rolled aside to reveal fresh earth. It must have been covered for centuries.

"I'd guess the monsoon storms uprooted that column," Kasim said. Then he pointed. "My word!"

The upper part of a skeleton rose from the ground as if it were clawing its way out of the earth. The bones were ancient and yellowed. But something on them glittered in a beam of sunlight poking through the branches overhead.

Kasim slipped from his saddle and retrieved a metal chain from the skeleton. "By Jove! A gold necklace—with some sort of gem."

Indy peered at the find. It was interesting, if a little creepy. "It's a carved amulet," he said. "The stone looks like tiger's-eye."

Streaks of gold and brown gleamed on the carved gemstone as Kasim held it up to the light. "Certainly not native to this area." He slipped the chain over his turban and let the amulet rest against his chest.

As Kasim climbed back onto his horse, Indy leaned forward, squinting. “There’s some kind of inscription on the pillar,” he said.

Kasim looked, too. “Yes—Sanskrit. It’s an ancient language, used in India the way Latin was used in Europe. I studied it at university, so let’s see what this says....”

He read in silence for a moment, with a frown on his face. When he spoke, his voice was sarcastic. “It’s a spell, believe it or not. ‘He who would know the power of the beast must first find the charm, then call on the Lord of Destruction. Oh, mighty sovereign: let your servant taste the energy and the blood, by the *Nagas* and demons—’

Light suddenly flared in Indy’s eyes. It was a sudden, searing glare that left him blinded in a reddish blaze.

“Hey, Kasim—” he began.

But his words were cut off by an eerie, coughing cry.

Indy had heard that animal noise before. But only at a zoo.

It was the chilling call of a tiger.

Chapter 4

Indy still couldn't see a thing, and he couldn't hear anything, either. His pony was drowning out every other sound with its squeals of terror.

"Whoa! Indy called as his mount began to rear. "Whoa!"

What the heck is Bengali for "Steady, boy"? he wondered.

It didn't matter, because at that moment the frantically bucking horse flung him from the saddle.

Indy landed flat on his back in soft, weed-covered earth.

At least the sun helmet protected my head, he thought. He blinked, then blinked again. Although his sight was coming back, everything he saw had a shimmering red ring around it.

He caught a flicker of movement from the corner of his eye, and quickly twisted around. For a split second, he saw a striped figure leap into the brush, then disappear. With his eyes half-shut, Indy turned toward the frightened neighing. There was his pony, still moving restlessly. And there was Ranjit Singh, sitting bolt upright on his horse.

The bodyguard had refused to enter the walls of what he called a “cursed city.” But here he was, with his rifle at the ready.

“Where is the *Nawabzada*?” the Sikh warrior demanded in a thunderous voice.

With his vision clearing, Indy turned toward Kasim’s horse. The saddle was empty.

“D-don’t know.” Indy said. “There was a glaring light, then I heard a tiger—”

Ranjit Singh put his spurs to his horse, with his eyes on marks in the dirt.

Indy climbed to his feet, then made

soothing noises as he moved toward the two horses. Both animals were still scared. The whites showed all around their eyes. But Indy managed to get both sets of reins. Then he moved off after Ranjit Singh.

It was easy enough to follow the Sikh, for his horse left deep tracks. As Indy moved along, a jumble of confused thoughts rattled around in his head.

Could the tiger have hauled Kasim out of his saddle and dragged him off into the jungle? Indy kept a sharp eye as he moved through the underbrush. But he saw no traces of blood. In a way this reassured him. But it also left him more puzzled yet.

Where was Prince Kasim?

Indy's eyes had finally gotten back to normal when he heard a cry up ahead. He tied the horses' reins to a tree and plunged ahead through the underbrush. Soon he burst into a little clearing where a tree had fallen across a crumbling stone building.

Sprawled on the steps and groaning with his eyes shut was Kasim. Ranjit Singh knelt over the young man. The Sikh had his rifle aimed as Indy appeared.

“Don’t shoot!” Indy cried.

The bodyguard put up his gun. “I am almost too distressed to think,” he growled. “Hearing the branches rattle, I take aim, expecting a tiger.” He shook his head. “A tiger would not rattle through the brush the way you did, *Sahib*. Tigers walk softly. They move with the silence of death.”

Indy pointed to Kasim. “Is he all right?”

“I see no wound on him,” Ranjit Singh replied. “And he breathes normally.”

Another low groan came from Kasim. “What the devil?” he murmured. He put a hand to his turban. Slowly, he sat upright and glanced around in confusion.

“Ranjit Singh!” he said. “Indy?” He frowned. “What happened? What am I doing here?” He looked at Ranjit Singh with surprised eyes. “When did *you* get here?”

“I heard the snarl of a tiger and the screaming of your horses.” The old bodyguard’s face grew tight. “I feared I had made a mistake in allowing you in here unprotected.”

“Tiger?” Kasim repeated. “What are you talking about?”

"I heard the tiger, too," Indy said. He explained how he'd lost his vision and heard the chilling cry. "When my sight came back, I saw the tiger running away. I think."

"Too bad about your eyes. A breeze must have shifted the branches on the trees. What a time for a beam of sunlight to come through and blind you!" Kasim gave Indy a puzzled look. "You didn't see me at all?"

"I was afraid the tiger had snatched you," Indy admitted. "Although there *was* something odd—I didn't hear you yelling."

"One jolly well might expect that," the prince agreed.

Indy nodded. He noticed that Kasim's Oxford vocabulary was back.

"You say your pony threw you?" Kasim asked. "I suppose the same happened to me. Must have bumped the old co-co." He rubbed his head.

"I certainly don't remember any bright lights—or any tiger." Kasim frowned. "A bold fellow, wasn't he? He must have been hiding right in the underbrush when we came up."

"I guess he's not the man-eater, then,"

Indy said, “or he’d have leaped out while you were getting that chain.”

“What chain?” Ranjit Singh demanded.

“I found a spot of treasure,” Kasim said with a smile. He held out the tiger’s-eye amulet, which still hung around his neck. “A gruesome thing, really.”

Ranjit Singh jumped back from the carved stone as if he’d seen a hissing snake. “You found that within these cursed walls?” he demanded.

As Kasim began the story of his discovery, his bodyguard grew more and more upset. “Master,” he finally interrupted, “you must throw this thing away.”

“Not likely,” Kasim answered. “Something this ancient—and gold—might be worth something. I know how Pater has been scraping his pennies together to send me to school. I’ll show it to that art expert—Thornton. Perhaps I can sell it.”

But Indy noticed how Kasim’s hand closed possessively over the amulet.

So did Ranjit Singh. He looked at Indy. The bodyguard’s eyes seemed full of knowledge—and fear.

"We should return home," he said abruptly. "I do not think our scouting has gone well."

Indy led Kasim to where he'd tethered their horses. They rode back to the town of Killahabad in silence.

As they returned their horses to the stables, Ranjit Singh asked, "Master, do you wish to report to your father?"

"Yes, of course," Kasim said. "No need for you to hang about, Indy."

Indy bowed as the prince walked off. But when he turned to leave, his arm was seized by Ranjit Singh.

"*Feringhi*," the old Sikh said, "tell me more about this chain the prince wears."

Shrugging, Indy explained how Kasim had found the amulet and read the inscription.

Ranjit Singh frowned in concentration. "He called upon the Lord of Destruction and the *Nagas*?"

"I think that's what the inscription said," Indy answered.

The worry grew on the Sikh's face. "In your homeland, do they have stories of sorcerers changing into animals?"

Indy's eyebrows rose. "Well, yes. They're called werewolves."

"In our land, sorcerers turn to tigers."

Silence stretched between Indy and the Sikh. "We—uh—consider werewolves to be myths."

"We do not," Ranjit Singh replied grimly. "I have heard stories about men who could change their shapes by means of magic. One used an incantation to change into a tiger. He needed a friend to say the phrase to change him back to human form. But the friend died, so the man tried to teach his wife. Unfortunately, when the time came to change back, the woman panicked. She couldn't say the incantation. The man, enraged, struck at her. He killed her, trapping himself forever in tiger form."

"That's a very interesting story," Indy said.

"I thought you might think so," Ranjit Singh said. "Especially the part about the incantation. It sounds very much like what happened this afternoon."

He looked very hard at Indy. "Does it not?"

Chapter 5

Indy stared at the bodyguard's serious face. This guy was a grizzled old soldier, older than Indy's dad. His beard was stark white. He was more than a grown-up, for Pete's sake. So how could he believe this tiger fairy tale?

But Ranjit Singh seemed deadly earnest.

"Why are you telling me all this?" Indy asked.

"Someone must tell the *Nawabzada*," Ranjit Singh replied.

Indy's mouth dropped open. "Now wait a minute! Why me? You've been serving the

prince for years. If you have suspicions that Kasim turned into a tiger, you tell him.”

Ranjit Singh shook his head. “I am merely the *chowkidar*—the guard. You, *Sahib*, are the distinguished guest.”

“Distinguished?” Indy objected. “I’m only a kid. My father got an invitation to see an old school friend. I just came along.”

“That may be so,” Ranjit Singh said stubbornly. “But you have, I think, become Prince Kasim’s friend. He has very few such. And like him, you have the *Feringhi* knowledge. You would look on the curse of shape-changing in a different way from most in the court—or in this state.”

“I sure *do* look at it differently,” Indy said. “I don’t believe in it!”

Ranjit Singh merely bowed and walked away.

But Indy didn’t search for the quarters that had been set aside for himself, his father, Denis Thornton, and Amos Hungerford as he had planned. Instead, he found himself hanging around the fort’s courtyard.

His mind kept going back to the scene in

the ruined city. Why had he seen only the tiger and not Kasim? And why, when he followed the route of the tiger, had he found Kasim instead?

Indy firmly pushed these thoughts away. I don't believe in were-tigers, he told himself. And I'm sure Kasim doesn't either.

But it was pretty clear that the people of Killahabad *did* believe in were-tigers. How would they react if they thought the heir to the throne was one?

Frowning, Indy recalled Ranjit Singh's words. The local people avoided the lost city because shape-shifters *used* to live there. If a rumor got out about Kasim turning into a tiger, Bagh Khan would have a hard time ruling. And that could be fatal for Kasim.

"Indy!" Kasim came out of the royal compound. He looked a little surprised that his friend hadn't washed up. The prince had taken off his riding jacket, but he still wore his silk shirt and jodhpurs. Dust rose from the dirt underfoot. It dimmed the shine of his glossy leather boots.

Instantly, a *bhistie*, one of the household water-carriers, rushed over. He spilled water

from a leather bag to dampen the dust and keep it down.

Kasim's wish is everyone's command—even before he speaks, Indy thought.

"Um, Kasim," he said. "I just had a little chat with Ranjit Singh. What do you know about were-tigers?"

Kasim laughed. "I know lots about them," he said. "My *ayah*—my nurse—used to tell me stories about them at bedtime.

"My favorite was about this woman who married a stranger to her village. She knew he had a secret, but he wouldn't tell her what it was. So she kept pestering him until he finally said, 'If you keep this up, I'll show you my real face!'"

"And?" Indy asked.

"He turned into a tiger!" Kasim said. "Father loved that story, too. Whenever I misbehaved, he'd threaten to show me his true face. I was rather disappointed to learn he *couldn't* turn into a tiger."

Kasim gave Indy a long look. "Why do you ask?"

Indy could feel his face flush. "It's just that Ranjit Singh mentioned shape-shifting,

and I can't get it out of my head that I saw the tiger, but not you."

"So your first and best theory is that I turned into a tiger and bounded off?" Kasim asked. "Quite reasonable, what? Did it not strike you that the tiger may have been following me? Staggering about and all, I probably looked like a good meal for a man-eater."

And what about me, lying blind on the ground? Indy thought.

But he was silent as his friend gave him a pat on the shoulder. "I wouldn't get too serious about superstitions," Kasim said kindly. "Barely two days in a princely state, and already you're going native. People will think you landed on your head."

Indy shrugged. "But we're sure *you* got bopped in the bean. It might be a good idea to stay around the palace for a while."

"The *fort*." Kasim said. "Father is too much of a realist to call this pile a palace."

He snapped his fingers. "There's something you might find interesting. That antiquities-*wallah*, Thornton, has begun looking at the ivory collection."

"Why do you call him that?" Indy asked.
"What does '*wallah*' mean?"

"It means 'man' or 'fellow,'" Kasim explained. "Traveling salesmen are called *box-wallahs* because they sell things out of trunks. Mr. Alden is a *Raj-wallah*, because he represents the British Indian government. Your father would be a *book-wallah*. And I suppose I'm an *Oxford-wallah*."

"If you say so," Indy said.

"Let me show you where Thornton is working." Kasim led Indy into the royal compound. They followed a flight of stairs till they were deep below the fort.

"You've got him working in the dungeon?" Indy said in disbelief.

"Actually, this used to be the state treasury in Grandfather's day." Kasim stopped before an iron-plated door. "Most of the rooms aren't used anymore. After we fix the roads and pay our soldiers—policemen, really—there's not much tax money left."

Throwing his weight against the door, Kasim pushed. The hinges gave with an eerie shriek.

Denis Thornton looked up. "You startled

me!" The art scholar sat in a pool of light thrown by two flickering lamps. Flames danced in the tall glass chimneys. They reflected off the bone-colored carvings that filled the room.

"Sorry!" Kasim said politely. "Tell me, are you enjoying your work?"

Thornton gazed around helplessly. "I've never seen a collection like his," he admitted. "It's like a history of India in miniature."

Kasim tapped a yellowing ivory statue. "They just look like old bones to me."

"Almost every style and locality is represented." Thornton sounded dazed.

"Indeed." Kasim said. "Grandfather's collecting was like a madness. These vaults were filled with gold—loot from the founder of our family. Now it's all gone."

"Some things I don't even recognize." Thornton held up a carved ivory cylinder about the size of his thumb. "This is a seal. You roll it across wax or clay and it prints the carvings on the surface."

He shook his head. "The humpbacked cow makes it seem of Hindu origin. But I can't read these signs."

Kasim shrugged. “The emperor Aśoka left inscriptions on rocks across most of India. By the time the British came, no one could read the messages anymore.”

“I can read Pali,” Thornton said. “But I can’t make heads or tails of this.” He sorted through some musty papers. “According to these records, the seal came from Mohenjo-Daro, near the Indus River.” He frowned. “Most people ignore the place. But the railways found some good baked bricks for building up their tracks.”

Indy barely heard. He loved ancient artifacts, and here was a room full of them. He poked around, examining items until he found himself in a dimly lit corner. Kasim made his way over.

They were half hidden by shadows when Amos Hungerford marched into the room.

“Have you found it, Thornton?” he demanded. “Have you turned up the Ivory Iskander?”

Chapter 6

“Ah...” Thornton hesitated. He looked very embarrassed.

Indy turned to Kasim. “What’s an Ivory Iskander?”

“Afraid you’ve got me, old boy,” Kasim said. “Iskander’ is our name for Alexander—especially Alexander the Great.”

“Right,” Indy said. “He marched east from Greece and conquered the Persian Empire and Egypt.”

“Iskander moved on through Afghanistan and into India,” Kasim said. “He fought several Hindu princes and crossed the Indus

River, somewhere around 326 B.C. Then his army said, 'No more. He and his men went back to Babylon, where he died.' He glanced at Thornton. "But I know nothing about an Ivory Iskander."

"It's a statue," Thornton said, not noticing Hungerford's dirty look. "Alexander may have left, but there were several Greek kingdoms in India. Their art mixed Greek and Hindu styles." Now he looked at Hungerford. "This makes it very valuable to Western collectors."

"I hope you didn't waste any more time on those seal-jiggers," Hungerford snarled. His face took on a definitely hungry expression. "Imagine owning an ivory statuette that's an exact portrait of Alexander the Great!"

"And that's what brings you to Killahabad?" Kasim asked.

Hungerford's face went as blank as a poker player's. "Well, I surely would like a look at it," he said. "I might make an offer, just to help your father. I hear that he's had some money troubles—paying for your school and all. In fact, I expect some infor-

mation from my agents in Calcutta—”

“How kind of you to interest yourself in our finances,” Kasim said coldly. “Perhaps you won’t mind if I excuse myself. My ride was somewhat tiring.”

Indy stayed for a moment. He stared at the two men caught in the circle of light. Hungerford’s actions weren’t a surprise—he was just following his power-hungry philosophy. But Indy hated to see Denis Thornton acting as a spy. Offering to help Bagh Khan while picking out the best pieces for Hungerford to bid on...

Dad will be very disappointed to hear this, Indy thought.

He followed Kasim out of the room. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know—”

“Obviously,” Kasim said in a frosty voice. Then he turned, waving his hands as if he could fan his bad mood away. “I’m sorry, Indy. We should have known Hungerford was up to something when he came to visit Pater’s court.”

Kasim’s hand dropped to the striped stone amulet hanging from his neck on its gold chain. “To think I hoped to sell this to

him for a few rupees to help Pater out." His smile was bitter. "It seems Mr. Hungerford is stalking bigger game." Kasim led the way down the tunnel-like corridor. "Let's get out of here. I'll show you where you're staying."

Kasim left Indy at the entrance to the guest room he'd share with his father. Indy entered to find Professor Jones sitting in the middle of the room. The walls were white-washed and high, with the ceiling a good twelve feet overhead. There was little furniture. Indy was reminded of the simple *dak-bungalow* where they'd stayed with Mr. Alden, the political agent.

Here, however, all the wood furnishings had been intricately carved. Indy figured they were the work of local craftsmen. The beds puzzled him, though. They stood away from the wall, and each leg rested in a saucer filled with water. Next to each bed was a table whose legs had been treated the same way.

Professor Jones followed his son's eyes. "I just found out why these arrangements are necessary," he said. "The beds are away

from the wall to keep snakes and lizards from slithering down and joining us. The saucers keep insects from crawling up." He pointed to the tables. "We're supposed to leave our shoes on those, so nothing unpleasant will sneak into them overnight."

His voice got a little hysterical. "And besides keeping the mosquitoes away, the netting on the four bedposts keeps anything from dropping onto us from the ceiling."

Indy shook his head. Princeton, New Jersey, seemed very far away.

But not even the strangeness of their bedroom could prepare Indy for the events of the night. No sooner did he drop off to sleep than a piercing shriek rang out beyond the fort's walls.

"Aieeee! Bagh! Boro boro bagh!"

Indy groggily sat up in bed. "Bagh" was the name of Killahabad's ruler. But it was also the local word for "tiger."

Wrestling his way out of the mosquito netting, Indy hurried to the room's tiny window. Outside, half-dressed men with torches and rifles ran along the fort's crumbling

battlements. A shot rang out. Professor Jones woke up.

“Wha—? What’s going on?” Indy’s father demanded.

“Looks like there’s a tiger in town.”

“Good heavens!” the professor said.
“Make sure that window is closed.”

As though a tiger could fit through, Indy thought. Still, he fastened the window. But as he stepped toward the door, his father spoke again. “I hope you’re not thinking of going out into the middle of that, Junior.”

Indy sighed and headed back to bed. “No, Dad.”

As the local representative of the British Raj, William Alden took a more serious view of the tiger. He appeared the next morning as Kasim was giving Indy a tour. Alden came into the royal apartments wearing a formal white uniform. “I need to see your father, Prince Kasim.”

As if on cue, Bagh Khan stepped into the chamber.

Alden looked unhappy. “I don’t usually

meddle in local affairs," he told the local ruler. "Unfortunately, the guests in your state—especially Mr. Hungerford—are of great importance to my superiors. You had a tiger appear in the town. Can you guarantee their safety?"

"I have already dispatched troops and *shikaris*—hunters," Bagh Khan explained. He glanced at Indy. "If they cannot pin the beast down, I will organize a full-scale hunt. Should Mr. Hungerford feel unsafe, he is, of course, free to leave Killahabad."

"I don't think you really want that." Amos Hungerford confidently entered the room. He held a sheaf of papers. "This report comes from my agents. You've saved for years to send your son to Oxford. Your finances are strained. Besides the expenses of your household, you paid to rebuild several bridges washed away in the monsoons. But I can help. Mr. Thornton has found and authenticated the Ivory Iskander. I will offer a *lakh* of rupees for it."

"That's a hundred thousand rupees," Kasim whispered from behind Indy's shoulder.

Indy turned. "That sounds like a lot of money."

"You could say that. It's about £7,500—or about \$37,500."

"Oh," Indy said. He had just read that the average workingman's wage had risen to \$516 a year for 1914.

Bagh Khan gave the millionaire a grave stare. "Mr. Hungerford, this state was founded by my grandfather's grandfather's father. He began as a captain of cavalry. But he followed the great Alivardi Khan, who made himself *Nawab* of all Bengal. My ancestor had humbler ambitions. He came to this remote area with a few men and wagons of loot. Probably that was taken in the fighting around Delhi in 1739.

"Alivardi Khan's successor was overthrown by the British. Almost all the native rulers of Bengal lost their powers. Even the so-called Rajah of Bhurundar, the single largest taxpayer in the British Empire, is really nothing more than a *zamindar*—a landlord."

Bagh Khan leaned forward. "But my family and our treasure have survived here

in Killahabad. My father may have lost his grip on reality after the last rebellion against the British." He glanced at Alden. The war you call the Sepoy Rebellion. Father turned our gold and jewels into ivory. But now, I am responsible for our land and treasure."

He shook his head. "And I will not sell this statue, not for a *crore* of rupees."

Indy glanced at Kasim. "That's more, isn't it?"

The prince nodded. "A hundred *lakhs*."

Indy did some mental arithmetic and got 10 million rupees—or almost \$4 million. "Wow!" He took a deep breath.

Hungerford's face was blank as he bowed to Bagh Khan and took his leave. But he was obviously furious.

Indy went to the chamber door and found Ranjit Singh waiting for him.

"No wild tiger would wander the streets of Killahabad," the bodyguard whispered.

"Do you think it was a tame tiger?" Indy tried to step away, but the Sikh blocked him.

"I think it was a human who changed

into a beast," Ranjit Singh said in a low voice.

Indy sighed. He had forgotten the Sikh's superstitions in all the excitement. Turning away, he went to follow the prince.

"Kasim," Indy called. "Shall we continue the tour?"

They spent the whole day exploring the fort. But Indy couldn't get Ranjit Singh's words out of his head. So he decided to keep an eye on Kasim that night.

After supper Indy challenged the prince to game after game of chess. Kasim explained that the game had been invented in India. He also told stories from the history of Killahabad and all of Bengal.

Indy didn't notice when the stories ended. He didn't even realize he'd been asleep until he jerked awake, knocking over the chessboard.

But where was Kasim?

Chapter 7

“Kasim!” Leaping up from the divan where he’d slumped, Indy slipped on a fallen chess piece. He dashed for the door of the chamber. Outside was a darkened hallway.

Indy had no idea of the time—except that it was late. He saw no one as he crept through the royal apartments. Kasim *had* to be around somewhere. Why would he have wandered off?

There was one reason that came to mind. It was ridiculous, but it kept worrying Indy. Suppose his friend *had* turned into a tiger?

Indy couldn’t peek into all the rooms. Someone might think he was an intruder and

call out the guards. Shrugging in defeat, he stole off to the fort's courtyard.

Just as he stepped into the chilly night air, Indy heard a low, eerie shriek. He froze. That sound—he'd heard it before, but it wasn't the coughing cry of a tiger.

Indy sprinted back into the royal compound and made his way to a certain staircase he'd used before. He moved on tiptoe down the stone steps until he reached the underground corridor that led to the treasury vaults.

I should have brought a light, Indy thought. He was nearly sightless in the dense shadows.

Then his breath caught. Up ahead, a shaft of light pierced the darkness. It came from the partially open door of the vault that held the ivory collection.

Indy licked lips that had suddenly gone dry. Who could be here at this time of night? Not Kasim, surely. Perhaps Bagh Khan had come to see the Ivory Iskander. Or maybe Denis Thornton was doing some midnight cataloging. But suppose it was a burglar?

Indy took a deep breath, then grinned crookedly as he got an idea. “Come on, all you *chowkidars*,” he said in his loudest voice. “I saw the light down here!”

He kicked against the stone stairs, trying to make the sounds of many feet. I don’t know if I used the word for “guards” the right way, Indy thought. But it should get a reaction from whoever is down there.

Down the hallway, the light abruptly went off. In the darkness, Indy heard the screech of the door’s hinges and the rapid pad of footsteps. It must be a burglar! he thought. Why else would the person try to flee?

“After him!” Indy bluffed, wishing he had some real *chowkidars* at his back.

But as Indy charged down the corridor, his foot caught in a hole in the dirt floor. He plowed face first to the ground. Scrambling up, he wiped at a wet trickle coming from his nose. Even in the dark, Indy could tell it was blood.

He dashed blindly down the corridor, using one hand to trace his way along the wall. The other he waved ahead of himself. Moonlight suddenly appeared—the fleeing

intruder had opened a door ahead! Indy ran harder, trying to catch up. Whoever it was had to be inside the fort, and Indy knew there were guards on the walls.

He had nearly reached the end of the tunnel. "Guards!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. "*Chowkidars!*"

The escaping person jerked around. All Indy saw was a black shape in the moonlight. The intruder's face was in shadow. But for one second, a moonbeam gleamed on a man's hand. The palm of that hand wore a crude tattoo—of a snarling tiger.

The door slammed in Indy's face.

By the time Indy managed to ram the heavy door open, the man was gone. An instant later, however, shouting and shooting began on the fort's walls.

I guess the *chowkidars* figured out something was wrong, Indy thought.

He stumbled out the door and into the moonlight and found himself in a part of the fort he'd never seen. This place is a maze, Indy thought. He headed for the nearest wall, yelling, "Get him!"

A low, coughing cry rang out, as if in

answer to Indy's shouting. From the shadows at the base of the wall glided a Bengal tiger. Its orange coat glowed almost golden in the moonlight. The black stripes on its sides and face looked as if they'd just been painted on. But all Indy saw was the cruel ivory jut of the tiger's fangs.

Indiana Jones was no coward. But the sight of nine feet of striped death left his mouth dry. He backed toward the door he'd just come through. The tiger eased forward, every muscle rippling, stalking him.

"I-if you're Kasim," Indy muttered, "this is a rotten way to end a friendship."

Shouts in Bengali rang out from the parapet above Indy's head. Then came the flat, loud *crack!* of rifles going off.

The princely troops weren't very good shots. Indy felt a bullet whiz past, just a few inches away from his ear.

The tiger gave a roar of rage. It took a good thirty-foot leap toward one of the buildings in the compound. Then it bounded fifteen feet into the air and landed on the building's roof.

"Does anyone here speak English?" Indy

called out. "You've got more problems than a tiger. There's a burglar here, too."

Word of the tiger and the burglar spread quickly. Everyone available was drafted into search parties, which swept through the fort.

Indy saw Bagh Khan striding around the courtyard. He wore only silk trousers and carried a heavy rifle in his hand.

Ranjit Singh, on the other hand, was completely dressed. He drew Indy aside. "No one can find Prince Kasim," the bodyguard whispered.

"Great," Indy muttered. "Someone else to look for."

Then a chill ran down his spine. He'd set out originally to find the prince. Instead, he'd found a tiger.

Indy glanced at Ranjit Singh. He didn't need to say anything. The look in the guard's eyes showed the same worry.

"Come on," Indy said in a low voice. "We've got to find Kasim before anything happens to him."

Ranjit Singh had just been to Kasim's empty chambers. So they headed for the

stables and the kitchen. Then they poked into the fort's darkest nooks and crannies.

Indy tried to hide his dismay. There was no reason why Kasim should be hiding. The bodyguard seemed to be checking places where a body could be stuffed.

Since they might bump into a burglar or a man-eating animal, Indy was glad to be with Ranjit Singh. The Sikh warrior was like a walking arsenal.

At last they reached a small open court blocked at one end by a heavy door "Beyond is the *zenana*—the women's quarters," Ranjit Singh explained. "None but family members may enter."

"Well, Kasim is a family member," Indy said.

I *hope* he's in there, Indy thought. It was bad enough to have Kasim go missing. But a tiger popping up—that raised questions Indy would rather not think about.

I'm sure Kasim will explain it all when we find him, Indy told himself. *If* we find him.

He kicked a stone into a low-walled well.

"Help!" a weak voice called.

Indy jumped back. Were-tigers were hard

enough to deal with. But talking wells? In an instant, however, he recognized the voice, though it was barely a whisper.

It was Kasim!

"He's down the well!" Indy called to Ranjit Singh.

The bodyguard rushed off to get a rope.

"Hurry." Indy could hear Kasim's teeth chattering. "Cold down here."

Ranjit Singh returned with a coil of rope. Tying a wide loop in one end, he tossed it down the well. "Take hold, Master!" he called.

"I have it!" Kasim whispered.

Indy joined the bodyguard. Hand over hand, they pulled in the rope. Finally, Kasim's face appeared at the lip of the well. Ranjit Singh braced himself, and Indy helped the dripping prince to the surface.

"How did you manage to get down there?" Indy asked.

Kasim blinked vaguely. 'I—I really don't know. The last I remember I was playing chess with you, Indy. Then you dozed off—and I suppose I did the same.' He looked around the little courtyard. "I have no

memory of getting here. Could I have been sleepwalking? I never have before."

The prince had received a head injury when he fell from his horse, Indy recalled. Maybe that had caused his sleepwalking—or memory loss. Certainly, it seemed more logical than believing that Kasim had turned into a tiger and somehow fallen down a well.

Kasim rose. Glints of moonlight made the amulet at his neck look eerily like a real tigers eye.

"Kasim, I know you'll think I'm being superstitious and silly," Indy said. "But I wish you'd stop wearing that thing—"

He reached toward the amulet, but Kasim leaped back. "No!" It sounded more like a snarl than a word. The prince's hand lashed out. His fingers curved, as if they were trying to become claws.

Indy stared in worried silence. All of a sudden, his logical explanation didn't seem too logical.

Kasim sucked in a deep breath. He brought his hand down to clasp around the tiger's-eye amulet. "It—it's just that this has

become a lucky piece for me. After all, you two found me, didn't you?"

Rather than answer, Indy said, "We were looking for a burglar and a tiger. One of each is loose in the fort."

"Good heavens!" Kasim exclaimed. "I must help Pater search the *zenana*!"

Ranjit Singh handed his rifle to Kasim. The prince rushed over to knock on the heavy door protecting the women's quarters.

Indy and the bodyguard headed back to join the search parties. Rant Singh was silent as they walked. But the look on his face said more than enough.

They bumped into a trio of searchers—Professor Jones and Denis Thornton, led by Amos Hungerford. The millionaire looked more like a king than did Bagh Khan. His mountainous form was tightly wrapped in a quilted silk dressing gown, and he clutched an enormous elephant gun.

"Junior, where have you been?" said Indy's father. "I thought we'd end up hunting you instead of this tiger."

"I was, ah, searching with Ranjit Singh." Indy nodded at the royal bodyguard.

"I guess that was after you found this burglar you reported," Amos Hungerford said, butting in.

"Um, yes," Indy admitted. "I saw him in one of the side courtyards. Then the tiger came along—"

"The tiger? What—" said Professor Jones.

But Hungerford interrupted. He couldn't have cared less about the tiger. "Did you see the burglar's face?" He stared at Indy.

"Not really," Indy said. "He was just one more shadow in the dark."

"And now he's disappeared," Hungerford said. "We'll never know who it was."

"No." Indy said suddenly, "I'd recognize him again."

"But, Junior, you just said you never saw his face," Professor Jones protested.

"I almost forgot after seeing the tiger," Indy said. "But our burglar has its mark." He tapped the palm of his hand. "He's got a tiger tattoo—right here!"

Chapter 8

No one got much sleep for the rest of the night. But though the search went on till dawn, neither the burglar nor the tiger was found inside the fort at Killahabad.

Bagh Khan gathered everyone together in the main courtyard. He looked every inch a king, in spite of the patched tent he sat beneath.

“We must be done with this tiger,” he said. “People are so fearful, they give the beast magic powers. It seems able to be in two places at once. I now hear reports of a

tiger prowling the hills last night, when we know it was here."

I wish you hadn't told me that, Indy thought.

The ruler looked around the crowd. "The royal *shikaris* have found traces of the tiger's lair up in the hills. So I declare that in two days' time we shall have a tiger hunt. All males in the state will serve. And I trust our guests will join us in the hunt."

"Of course, Your Majesty," Amos Hungerford promptly responded. "I'd also like to offer the services of the crew from my yacht. My men may not be hunters, but they are good shots. Perhaps they'll be able to protect some of your people."

"I accept your offer with gratitude," Bagh Khan said.

"I'm also still willing to help with your money problems," Hungerford went on. "Perhaps you might reconsider my generous offer for the Ivory Iskander."

"I regret that I can accept only one of your generous offers," Bagh Khan replied. "And that is for your men, not your money."

He rose from his divan. "We have many

preparations to undertake. Let us begin."

Once again, Indy saw that the local ruler's word was law. The crowd broke up. Soon the courtyard bustled with royal servants and villagers preparing for the hunt.

Even Kasim was busy. He supervised a team of workmen repairing several huge, moth-eaten, wood-and-wicker boxes that looked like laundry baskets. Indy watched as one of the men replaced a worn leather strap. The new strap was three times as long as Indy was tall. "What are those things?" he asked.

"*Howdahs*," Kasim replied. "That belt should be just large enough to wrap around the belly of an elephant. The box will rest on the elephant's back, the way a saddle does on a horse. Then two people will ride in the *howdah*.

"We have four elephants, so that leaves one for Pater and Mr. Alden, one for you and me, and one for your father and Mr. Thornton. We'll have a final one left over for that Hungerford fellow, should he decide to stay on."

The prince shrugged. "Once we had more

elephants, but we couldn't afford them. You wouldn't believe how much food those beasts eat. Besides, four should be enough to do the job. The beaters, of course, will be on foot—”

“What are beaters?” Indy asked.

“*Shikaris*, villagers, and soldiers. They'll drive the tiger from cover by encircling the area where we suspect the tiger is hiding. Then, making as much noise as possible, they'll narrow the circle down.”

“What about us?” Indy asked.

“The hunters on the elephants will be spread around the circle, too.” Kasim said. He used his finger to trace a circle in the dust on the ground, then made X marks at four points. If the circle had been a clock face, the marks would have been at twelve, three, six, and nine o'clock.

“We'll work our way in ahead of the beaters. When we all come together, that's where the tiger should have run. Then we'll shoot it, and there'll be one less man-eater for the people to worry about.”

Indy nodded and walked away. Kasim seemed calm and in command—there was a

great difference from his "chump from Oxford" personality. Indy bit his lip. He *liked* Kasim, but he almost wished he'd never met the prince. He hated having doubts about his new friend, but his suspicion would not go away. Could it be that Kasim had fallen under a spell? Did he sometimes become a were-tiger?

If only there were something Indy could *do* about it! But there was nothing. He could only join the hunt Kasim was helping to organize. And he would have to hope that Kasim wouldn't somehow end up as the target.

The next morning, as Indy passed the main gate of the fort, a group of horsemen arrived. It seemed that Hungerford had kept his word and sent a telegram to summon his people from Chittagong.

Indy recognized several of the riders—crewmen from Hungerford's yacht. They must have ridden all day and night to look so saddle-sore and weary. But, oddly, the first mate wasn't among them.

Maybe he had stayed behind to keep an

eye on the yacht, Indy thought. Oh, well, someone should tell Hungerford his crew has arrived. Indy glanced around the courtyard, wondering where the millionaire might be. Since Indy was close to the vaults, he decided to check there first. Maybe Hungerford was visiting the Ivory Iskander.

A guard now stood at the top of the stairs down to the vaults. He saluted Indy and let him pass. Downstairs, Indy squinted in the sudden dimness of the underground tunnel.

They should consider putting a light in here, he thought. He decided to ask the guard for a lamp. But as he turned to go, heavy hands landed on him. An arm wrapped around his throat, while a palm clamped over his lips.

Indy knew he couldn't yell. So he used his mouth a different way, sinking his teeth into the hand that was trying to silence him. His attacker muttered something—Hindustani curse words—then jerked his hand away.

By now Indy's eyes had gotten used to the shadowy dimness. As the hand passed in front of his face, he got a glimpse of the palm. There was a crude tiger tattoo!

Indy fought back, slashing the heels of his shoes against his attacker's shins. For good measure, he stomped on the man's feet. The armlock holding him wavered for a second, and Indy tore free. He spun around to confront a familiar face.

It was Sarik, Hungerford's first mate. The lascar shook his injured hand and gave Indy a murderous look. "You have a big mouth," Sarik growled. Then he darted away down a side corridor.

Indy took a step after the burglar, then stopped. Sarik isn't the problem here, he thought. His boss is. Indy clattered up the stairs. Maybe Dad and I will have a chat with Hungry Hungerford, he decided as he came out of the vaults.

But when he got back to the room he shared with his father, Hungerford was already there. Professor Jones and Denis Thornton sat in chairs as the millionaire paced in front of them. Indy stood quietly at the door, listening.

"Well," Hungerford said in annoyance, "you could at least *ask* your buddy Alden to back me up. From what I understand, the

local political officer's word carries a lot of weight with these native princes. Their whisper is heard as a shout."

"I have asked—but Willie Alden won't shout or whisper for you," Denis Thornton said. "He won't meddle in Bagh Khan's affairs unless it's terribly important. Willie has always been almost too good for his own good. Back at school, he was the prefect in our sleeping hall. He actually considered having Henry here sent home for a little prank involving—ahem—ladies' undergarments and the weather vane on top of the college tower."

Indy blinked. Could Thornton really be talking about his father? The sternest man on earth?

Professor Jones cleared his throat with an embarrassed *harrumph*. "That was years ago, of course. But I'm sure Willie hasn't changed. The Indian Civil Service prides itself on its integrity. He won't use his authority as a personal favor. To him, that would be abusing his power. Perhaps if he had a political reason he'd help you.

You could telegraph your friends in high places—”

“And tell the British government all about the Ivory Iskander?” Hungerford shook his head. “Oh, no. They just might step in and take it.”

“Yeah, I suppose you wouldn’t want the government getting interested in your collection,” Indy interrupted. “Especially the way you enlarge it. They might frown on someone keeping a pet burglar.”

“What are you talking about?” Hungerford barked.

Professor Jones frowned. “Junior, explain that strange accusation.”

“I just found out who broke into Bagh Khan’s treasury.” Indy said. “It was Sarik, Hungerford’s first mate. When the crewmen came riding in just now, I was surprised he wasn’t with them. But I got a bigger surprise when Sarik jumped me down in the vaults.”

“But how could that be?” Denis Thornton protested. “At the time of the break-in, Sarik was miles away in Chittagong.”

"Then he's got a twin brother," Indy said, turning to Denis Thornton. "Or at least someone with a twin to the tiger tattoo on his palm.

"I only saw Sarik on the journey here. But you sailed with him for months. You couldn't have missed that tattoo. Why didn't you speak up?" He tossed his head at Hungerford. "I can see why the boss-man wouldn't."

"I never noticed the tattoo because I never looked." A miserable Thornton stared at his feet. "I'm afraid I pay little attention to the lower orders. Perhaps I should have. I know enough Hindustani to recognize that that man's name wasn't really Sarik. The word '*sarik*' means thief. I thought it was just a harmless nickname. Or that perhaps the man was a petty thief."

He glared at Hungerford. "But I should have seen what was going on. The golden idol in Tientsin wasn't Mr. Hungerford's only smart bargain. Several times, native owners of valuable pieces refused to part with them. Yet, when we left port, I noticed that

the items were always on board.”

Thornton shook his head and looked from Indy to his father and back again. “I always thought Hungerford had raised his price, so I asked no questions. After all, my job was only to advise him, to check that pieces were authentic. I never suggested prices.”

Denis Thornton straightened in his chair. “But that is no excuse. I closed my eyes to what you were up to, Hungerford. But I can’t do that anymore. Not with this news. Effective immediately, I’m resigning my position with you.”

“You—you pipsqueak!” Hungerford thundered. “How dare you act so self-righteous! I’ve got ten million dollars. What have you got?”

Thornton glanced over at Professor Jones. “I have friends,” he replied. “And perhaps I’ve got my self-respect back.”

“Well, la-di-da,” Hungerford mocked. “Let me tell you something you haven’t got—proof.”

“I saw—” Indy stubbornly began.

"Sure." Hungerford laughed. "They've got your word for it. Fine. But I'll have the word of my whole crew that Sarik was in Chittagong."

He marched for the door, then turned back to Thornton and Professor Jones. "You college chumps just stay in your ivory tower," he said. "I'm going to get the real ivory. And if you won't help me, I've got other ways to do the job."

Chapter 9

Silence filled the room after Amos Hungerford stomped off.

"Well, old man," Professor Jones finally said to Denis Thornton. "I suppose that was quite difficult for you. Of course, you'll need a place to stay. Junior and I will gladly put you up while we sort all this out."

"Thanks awfully," said Thornton. "D'you suppose we ought to tell Willie?"

"Don't know if it would do much good." The professor shook his head. "This isn't Raj territory. And even if it were, we have nothing that would stand up in court." His eyes

went to Indy. "Not that we doubt your word, son. It's just that Hungerford will be able to bring on a whole tribe of false witnesses."

Indy wasn't sure if they even *had* jury trials in Killahabad. Bagh Khan might just say, "He's guilty," and chop Hungerford's head off. The problem was, would Bagh Khan believe Indy, or even listen to him? Kasim might listen, but Kasim was an Oxford man. He'd probably *want* a jury trial.

There seemed nothing Indy could do—except watch and wait. Sooner or later, Sarik and Hungerford would try again. And maybe there would be more witnesses.

Indy's father, meanwhile, turned to more practical matters. "I suppose we'll have to arrange passage somehow to Calcutta," he said. "From there, Junior and I should be able to find transportation back to the States." He shot a doubtful look toward Thornton.

"Don't worry about me," the scholar said. "When I arrived, Willie asked if I'd be interested in a spot of work in the museum at Lucknow. The pay's not much in compari-

son to what Hungerford offers. But I'll get by." He gave them a lopsided grin. "I suppose I'll talk to him about it after this tiger hunt."

The big hunt was tomorrow. They'd all volunteered to help. But Indy's mind was elsewhere. He kept worrying about Amos Hungerford. The millionaire had seemed all too sure of himself as he argued with Thornton and Indy's father.

Indy tried to figure out Hungerford's next move. Bagh Khan had rejected his latest money offer. Dad and Denis Thornton would no longer help him. And Sarik, the big man's pet burglar, had failed to get the statue last night. Now the *Nawab* had a guard on the vault stairs.

Wait a minute, Indy thought. Sarik had been down in the treasury, in spite of the guard. Indy excused himself and went off to find Kasim.

The prince was sitting with a circle of rough-and-ready types dressed in brown and green. All of them chatted along in high-speed Bengali until Kasim noticed Indy.

"These are the royal *shikaris*—our hunters," he said. "We're having a bit of a disagreement. These gentlemen here are convinced the man-eater has holed up in the hills. Certainly, that's where the attacks have been. But these other hunters believe the tiger must have a lair nearer to town. Why else would he be showing up in Killahabad?"

"Maybe you've got two tigers," Indy said uncomfortably. Or one real animal and one were-tiger, he thought.

"I suggested as much," said Kasim. "But they don't think so. Apparently there's not enough game in the area to feed two tigers—unless we have two man-eaters."

"I haven't heard that the tiger in town tried to eat anyone. So they *act* like two different tigers," Indy argued. "Maybe the one in town just got here. Maybe he was forced out of the hills by the man-eater."

Kasim offered this idea in Bengali, but the hunters disagreed.

"They say there's no way at all that could happen," the young prince translated. "Tigers usually go after humans only if they're too injured to catch their usual prey."

If a healthy tiger fought an injured one, the man-eater would be driven out. Hill people who've survived attacks say the tiger there limps when he walks."

Indy frowned. "Then there *are* two. I saw the tiger down here jump up on a roof."

Again, Kasim translated for the hunters.

Indy couldn't understand their reply, but he could figure it out. "What does that kid know?" was written all over their faces.

"Experts," Indy muttered. He decided to change the subject. "I see you have a guard at the stairs to the treasury vaults. Maybe you should put one inside as well." He tried to make a joke. "After all, you wouldn't want Hungerford stealing any ivory."

"An odd fellow, that Hungerford," Kasim said. "He must have quite a brain to amass such a fortune. But there are times when I wonder if—well, if he's touched in the head."

"Why's that?" Indy asked.

"He was talking my ear off just a while ago, jawing on and on." Kasim looked frankly baffled. "He wanted to know about boons.

"Boons?" Indy repeated blankly.

"You know, when a ruler grants a special favor to one of his subjects, usually because he performed some special service—"

"I know all about boons, thank you," Indy said in annoyance. Medieval history was full of them. Boons from kings often played a big part in the medieval manuscripts Professor Jones studied. And of course he talked about them with his son.

"Royal courts here in India have a tradition of rewarding people for favors," Kasim said. "The old Mughal emperors in Delhi bestowed this land on my ancestors for bringing order back to this part of Bengal." Kasim shrugged. "Hungerford seemed quite interested in the story."

No one could sleep beyond dawn the next day. In fact, Indy had barely been able to doze even in the darkness. Servants and soldiers ran around the courtyard of Killahabad fort handling last-minute preparations for the hunt.

By the time the sun had risen over the hills to the east, Indy had dressed and eaten

breakfast. Then he and his father joined the rest of the hunters.

Bagh Khan and Willie Alden had teamed together. Kasim asked Indy to ride with him. Professor Jones and Denis Thornton made a twosome. And Amos Hungerford had chosen Sarik as his partner.

The four elephants were led out, and the hunters climbed into the *howdahs*. Kasim's workmen had done a great job. The boxes looked very fancy, repainted in shades of crimson and gold.

Indy was surprised at how small each box seemed when it sat on the back of the elephant. Once he got in, he also noticed that the ground was farther down than he'd expected.

A man dressed in a vest and what looked like an oversized diaper sat on the elephant's neck. He guided the huge beast with a foot-and-a-half-long stick that had a wicked hook at one end.

"That's our *mahout*, Naib," Kasim said. He then spoke in Bengali to the elephant-driver. A mere poke of the stick, and the enormous animal moved slowly forward.

Indy could feel the giant back muscles bunching under the *howdah*. It reminded him of being on a small boat at the beginning of high tide.

"This is very different from riding a horse," he said.

"Which is why I am down here," Ranjit Singh called, as he cantered by on a stallion from the royal stables.

"There wasn't any room for him anyway—not with these aboard." Kasim patted the heavy rifles racked at the front of the *howdah*.

With the bodyguard riding at one side, their elephant lumbered into line with the other beasts. Soldiers formed ranks before and after the elephants, with the hunters in the lead. They marched off through the town of Killahabad like a circus parade.

But Indy noticed that the crowd, all women and children, wasn't cheering much. Then he realized why: Almost all the men in the little state were going off to serve as beaters. Husbands, fathers, and sweethearts were risking their lives—and most of them were unarmed.

The parade wound its way along a road that led up into the hills. Indy saw a ring of campfires with hill villagers clustered around. Here were the rest of the beaters.

Bagh Khan set his people in position like a general preparing for battle. The foot soldiers were the beaters, who formed a huge ring around several hills. They were "armed" only with gongs and pots. Their noise would scare the tiger toward the center of the circle. Backing up the beaters here and there were armed soldiers and the sailors from Hungerford's yacht.

Also inside the ring were the four elephants. Indy couldn't see the others through the heavy underbrush. All he saw were a couple of beaters, and Ranjit Singh beside him.

At the blare of a trumpet, the beaters began banging their metal implements. The din was incredible. Naib nudged his elephant into forward motion.

Indy looked around wide-eyed as they crashed through the underbrush. "This is incredible!" he said.

"What?" Kasim yelled. Indy could barely

hear him over the terrific noise.

"I said it's incredible!"

They had outdistanced the beaters by now. The elephant lumbered through a clearing in the forest. Ranjit Singh kept his position by the beast's side.

A crag of rock rose up like a miniature cliff at one side of the clearing. Indy caught a blur of movement from the top of the stone outcrop.

That was his only warning that the tiger was striking.

Naib had time for one scream as a swipe of the tiger's paw broke his neck. But that cry was drowned out by the panicked trumpeting that came from the elephant. As the huge animal reared up on its hind legs, Indy saw both a dead Naib and the hunting rifles from the *howdah* go flying.

Then the box itself shifted.

Kasim and Indy clung desperately to the wood-and-wicker box. From below, Indy heard a giant *snap!* In the next moment they were flying.

The *howdah* jolted against something,

and Indy heard a horse neigh. The two boys tumbled to the ground.

Indy pulled himself to his feet and gasped when he saw what had broken their fall. The *howdah* had landed on the back of Ran-jit Singh's horse—and apparently struck the bodyguard a glancing blow. He lay stretched out on the ground, senseless.

The horse had also been knocked down. It lay shuddering, and then went horribly still. Kasim rose on shaky legs, taking in the scene.

Indy caught a glimpse of one of the straps that had held the *howdah* in place. It had been neatly slit about halfway through, then had torn the rest of the way.

I should have suspected something when Hungerford began asking about boons, Indy thought. Rage and disgust fought in his brain. What better way for Hungerford to win a favor than to rescue the prince?

A furious blare from the terrified elephant deafened Indy. Once again, the huge creature rose up on its hind legs. And something more flew off.

It was a large cat with striped tawny fur and a bloody muzzle.

And even over the elephant's trumpeting, Indy could hear the roaring, coughing cry of an enraged tiger.

Chapter 10

Before the tiger even landed, Indy leaped into action. “Kasim! Come on!” He grabbed the dazed prince by the arm and half dragged him over to Ranjit Singh.

We’re lucky none of us got stepped on when Jumbo stampeded, Indy thought. In the distance the elephant was pounding a path through the underbrush, like a living steamroller.

Indy knelt by Ranjit Singh. A quick look showed that the old Sikh was breathing—he was alive! But he was still unconscious. Indy knew it might not be a good idea to

move him, but he wasn't about to leave the bodyguard lying helpless with a man-eating tiger around.

The tiger had fallen ungracefully, landing with a yowl of pain and fury. But Indy feared the animal wouldn't lie stunned for long.

With Kasim's help, he managed to get Ranjit Singh upright with an arm draped over each boy's shoulder.

"Wha—what about Naib?" Kasim still sounded dazed.

"Dead." Indy's face was grim. "Come on! We've got to get out of here!"

They took their first stumbling steps across the clearing. Ranjit Singh's feet dragged behind.

An ominous growl made Indy look back.

The tiger was following them, not charging, but rather stalking. The predator's tawny head was low to the ground as it crept in pursuit. Indy was horribly reminded of the way a house cat goes after a mouse.

Only two things were different: This feline was bigger than Indy. And it didn't move with the catlike grace Indy expected.

The tiger was limping after them. It lurched to avoid resting its weight on its right foreleg. Even from a distance Indy could see the cruel wound on the tiger's paw. A rotting splinter of bamboo jutted from inflamed and infected flesh.

Indy had no idea how the animal had been hurt so badly. But he could see why this natural hunter had turned to stalking humans. The tiger was clearly in awful pain with every clumsy step.

He can't jump or run very far, Indy thought. He must have hidden until his victims were right under his claws. Maybe we can outrun him.

Indy stumbled under Ranjit Singh's limp weight. They couldn't run *and* carry the old soldier, Indy realized with a chill. Neither could they leave Ranjit Singh behind. That would be like offering an appetizer to the beast.

If only they had a weapon! But their rifles had been lost when the *howdah* fell.

Ranjit Singh wore several knives. But they seemed like toys against the fangs and claws of a tiger—even a wounded tiger. Indy

couldn't see himself wrestling the beast down and plunging a blade in. He was a kid from Princeton, New Jersey—not Tarzan.

Both Kasim and Indy were panting as they crashed through a wall of brush that rose in front of them. Indy batted branches away from his face. This is it, he thought. We're stuck.

"Agh!" Kasim caught his foot on a root and toppled over. Ranjit Singh fell with him, dragging Indy to the ground as well. Indy had a split second to yank one of the Sikh's knives from its scabbard. Still on his knees, he turned to face the beast.

The tiger sank low on its paws, preparing to leap.

No need to save my breath now, Indy thought. He sucked in as much air as possible and yelled "Help!" at the top of his lungs. Kasim chimed in, shouting in Bengali.

The tiger froze as the underbrush suddenly began rattling and crashing. "Well, well, well..." The smug voice spoke over the noise. "Someone seems to be in need of assistance, Sarik."

Of course, Indy realized. Hungerford had

set up this disaster. He'd be nearby to profit from it.

But Hungerford doesn't know how bad things are, Indy thought. He thinks we've just fallen off our elephant. This heavy brush blocks his view. He and Sarik can't see that the tiger is right on top of us.

Branches flew as Sarik chopped a path toward them. Seconds later, Hungerford and his henchman stood over the boys and sneered at them.

The tiger gave a low, warning rumble, as if to say, "These are *my* prey."

Sarik looked up and spotted the killer cat. His face went pasty. The heavy blade thudded to the ground. He turned and ran in blind terror, tearing through the brush bare-handed.

Hungerford didn't even call after Sarik. He stood where he was with his rifle held across his body. Its barrel pointed to the sky. The millionaire stared deep into the tiger's eyes. He seemed frozen.

All his life, Indy realized, Amos Hungerford had considered himself fierce and aggressive. He'd brawled his way to wealth.

Certainly he'd preyed on a lot of people. But now he looked deep into the eyes of a true predator. The tiger thought nothing of Hungerford's money or power. Looking at the millionaire, the animal merely saw its next meal.

Still staring into the brown-flecked golden eyes, Hungerford took a step back. His rifle slipped from nerveless fingers. Then he flopped flat on his back in a dead faint.

Some help *he* is, Indy thought sourly.

The tiger blinked in confusion, its eyes flicking to its fallen rival, then back to the prey—Indy and Kasim. Finally, the big cat slouched lower and began stealing forward again.

Kasim stared helplessly as the man-eater came ever closer.

Indy frantically checked the distance to Hungerford's gun. He knew he couldn't get to it before the tiger reached them. He'd need some sort of magic to make it.

Magic? Indy turned to the prince.

I don't believe I'm doing this, he told himself. One week in India, and I'm turning

to superstitions for help. But if I'm going to die, I'd rather go down trying.

Indy grabbed the tiger's-eye amulet dangling from Kasim's neck. Now he needed the magic words. What was that spell Kasim had translated? All he remembered were the powers Kasim had innocently called upon.

"*Nagas* and demons," he began, "we could use your help. If Kasim *can* change, let him change with all his power now!"

Chapter 11

Indy was desperate enough to try the spell, but he didn't really think anything would happen. He hadn't even used the right words. So he was caught by surprise when a sudden burst of ruby light glared in his eyes.

If I live to use this magic stuff again, he thought, I'd better remember one rule. *Close your eyes!*

His sudden blindness couldn't have come at a worse time, he realized. Even now, as he lurched sightlessly around, the man-eating tiger could be bounding up to make a meal out of him.

Indy frantically blinked his eyes. He tried to see something, *anything*. Tears ran down his cheeks from the effort. But at last blurry images began to form. His view was hazy, at best.

Everything was too dim to make out details. The branches above him were simply dark blots in the air. Still worse was the shimmering, indistinct halo that clung to whatever he looked at.

He brought his hand up close to his face. Yes, he still held the carved tiger's-eye amulet. The chain dangled from his hand. But the last Indy had seen, it had been looped around Kasim's neck. Where was the prince?

A roaring animal cry cut off any more thoughts. Indy screwed up his eyes and tried to focus in the direction of the noise.

An instant later, he almost wished he hadn't looked. The man-eater had launched itself in a limping charge.

This is it, Indy thought.

But then something swept by above him. It went in the opposite direction, passing close enough that some musky fur brushed

Indy's head. His still-dazzled eyes got a vague glimpse of four legs, a large body, and a whipping tail.

The second coughing battle cry ringing out in the forest was all the proof Indy needed. Another tiger had bounded into battle.

Squinting his eyes nearly closed, Indy made out a few more details. The newcomer rammed into the man-eater in midair. It seemed as if the second tiger was trying a football tackle on the attacking animal.

Or a *rugby* tackle, Indy suddenly thought. Had Kasim ever mentioned playing rugby during his schooling in England?

The force of the collision sent the two big cats tumbling. They plunged out of the thicket where Indy cowered, and back into the forest clearing.

The man-eater rolled aside, snarling, and lashed out with its left forepaw. The blow was weaker than it might have been, because the tiger had to rest its weight on the crippled paw. Even so, the swinging paw was about as big as Indy's head. And it was tipped with five cruel claws.

The newly arrived tiger squalled in pain as the claws tore through its fur. They left four bloody tracks across the animal's shoulder.

Maddened with the pain, it rammed into the man-eater. The two beasts fell to the ground, each locking its forepaws on the other's shoulders. The man-eater brought up its rear legs in an attempt to claw its rival's guts out.

Indy felt prickles of cold go down his back. Suppose the newcomer *was* Kasim, magically transformed. He'd had barely a week of practice being a tiger: Now he was fighting for his life against a foe who'd spent a lifetime as a predator.

The newcomer twisted away from the tearing claws. But that exposed the tiger to a new attack. The man-eater had a weak paw. But its jaws were still powerful, and its fangs snapped onto the newcomer's throat.

Both animals rolled, claws slashing, jaws clashing. As they broke apart, Indy could see that blood spotted each tiger's coat. They were also beginning to pant.

Indy began to hope. Maybe the new-

comer, who seemed younger and healthier, could outlast its man-eating rival. The man-eater seemed to realize this possibility as well. With a bone-chilling snarl, it leaped to the attack again.

The animals locked together, screaming in pain as they tore at each other. With a yowl of agony, the newcomer was snatched up like a kitten and flung away. The man-eater leaped in for the kill.

Even if his eyes had been fine, Indy wouldn't have been able to see what was going on. The tigers were fighting behind a tangle of bushes, creepers, and young trees. Indy's only clues were the roars of triumph and the howls and squalls of pain.

Still blinking and blearily trying to focus his watering eyes, Indy forced himself upright. Roots and half-cut stalks seemed to shimmer and twist. Maybe now he could get to Hungerford's gun....

The millionaire lay as though in a deep sleep. But if he'd been sleeping, the screaming tigers and smashing brush would have woken him—and curled his hair.

Instead, Hungerford remained senseless,

his bulk spread out across the crushed brush.

Why didn't the tiger go after *him*? Indy thought sourly. He'd have made a better meal. Bigger, softer meat.

But Indy didn't have time for any further reflections. He began poking around in the underbrush, determined to get his hands on the rifle Hungerford had been carrying.

Sooner or later, the war of the tigers would be over. And when that happened, Indy wanted to be able to defend himself.

The crashing of bodies shook the thicket. To Indy's ears, it sounded as if something had crashed into a tree trunk. There was a loud *crack!* and the thunder of a toppling tree.

But that was the least of the noise. One of the tigers must have taken a mortal wound, Indy realized. A horrible, throaty yowl, half wail, half screech, rang out. Then it bubbled off into stillness.

For an instant, all movement seemed to stop in this tangled jungle. There wasn't a sound to be heard. Even the birds were quiet.

At that moment, Indy's fingers grazed the wooden stock of Hungerford's rifle. He brought the gun up in both hands. It felt as heavy as a cannon. What the heck did Hungerford think he was hunting, anyway? Indy wondered. Dinosaurs?

He blinked, still trying to clear his vision. Suddenly he froze. A pair of gold and brown eyes stared at him. They belonged to a nine-foot-long tiger.

The beast was barely ten feet away, and would have been magnificent if not for all the blood staining its fur.

Indy tried to take aim with his gun, but the barrel wobbled.

The tiger took a step forward.

Indy's eyes widened. The tiger wasn't limping! This wasn't the man-eater. It was the newcomer!

Kasim said that healthy tigers stay away from humans, Indy told himself. But this one had just had a big fight. Maybe it was looking for a snack....

The animal took slow, measured steps—not lunging, not attacking. Finally, the tiger and Indy were nearly nose to nose. One

swipe of a paw would have killed Indy. But that attack never came.

"Ka-Kasim?" Indy breathed. His gun went down. If he was wrong, he knew he'd pay with his life.

The tiger stood quietly as Indy fumbled in his pockets. Where had he stuck that blasted amulet?

His fingers closed on the carved shape, and he drew the tiger's-eye forth. Slowly, carefully, he raised the golden chain and slipped it over the tiger's head.

For a second, the sun glittered on the striped stone of the amulet, making it look just like the gleaming eye of the tiger.

Indy let the chain drop gently onto the tiger's neck. "If you're really Kasim," he whispered, "change back."

Then, on opposite sides of the thicket, human voices shattered the hush.

"Junior! Junior, where are you?" Professor Jones's anxious call rang out.

"Kasim, my son, are you there? Are you all right?" Bagh Khan didn't sound like a ruler, but like a worried father.

The tiger whirled and sprang off. It

disappeared without a sound into the underbrush.

Indy knew he had not gotten the spell right. He felt a pang as he remembered the story of the man who had trapped himself forever in tiger form. Suppose *he* had trapped Kasim?

Indy shook his head. It's crazy to believe this mumbo-jumbo, he thought. Kasim probably ran for it while I got blinded—

Kind of conveniently, a little voice argued inside his head.

He's probably somewhere else in this thicket, Indy told himself. Right now, I bet he's running toward his dad's voice.

Indy's eyes went wide as a new thought came to him. If that hadn't been Kasim, he had just put a necklace on a real tiger!

Bagh Khan and Willie Alden appeared at the opening Indy and Kasim had torn through the brush. "Ranjit Singh!" the ruler gasped, finding the bodyguard. "Young Jones!" His gun swiveled to cover a rattling in the undergrowth.

The noise turned out to be Professor Jones. He wildly waved his rifle as he

pushed through with Denis Thornton “Hungerford?” the professor cried, nearly tripping over the millionaire’s blubbery form.

Then the professor saw Indy.

“Son!” Indy’s father seemed to run out of words. “Are—are you all right?”

Bagh Khan’s cry was more pained. “Where is my boy?”

Silently, Indy pointed deeper into the thicket.

The adults tore through the underbrush, then skidded to a stop. Indy followed. Why had they suddenly frozen? Then he saw the reason. Prince Kasim, bloody and battered, his clothes torn, lay unconscious.

And he was draped across the dead body of a tiger!

Chapter 12

Indy scrambled spryly through the under-brush. His size let him move more quickly than the adults through the tangled greenery. He knelt by the prince and sighed with relief. Kasim was still breathing.

Kasim and the tiger lay in the middle of a circle of destruction. Bushes and bamboo shoots had been trampled down in what must have been a tremendous struggle. Even several small trees had been uprooted.

Only one tree still stood, a giant teak. And its trunk was cracked as if something had smashed against it.

Indy remembered how he'd heard the loud sound of something breaking. Then there had been silence.

Apparently, the tiger had leaped and struck the tree hard enough to damage the trunk. As for what happened after the tiger bounced off—Indy figured it out, but still, it was hard to believe.

A length of bamboo, at least ten feet of springy fiber, pierced the man-eating tiger's body. It looked as though the bamboo had been broken earlier in the struggle. Its jagged tip was as sharp as a spear point. Either it had been leaning at just the right angle to stab the tiger, or...it had been thrust into the beast!

Prince Kasim lay across the bamboo stick. His hands gripped it like a spear.

Bagh Khan rushed forward. "My son!" He glared at Indy. "Does he yet live?"

"Yes, sir," Indy replied. "It looks like he was just knocked out. I think he's coming around."

As Indy spoke, the prince stirred. He pushed himself up on one elbow and rubbed his other hand across his face.

Kasim winced in pain from even this simple movement. Glancing up at Indy in total confusion, he croaked, "Indy! I—I hurt! Did the tiger get me? I must have blacked out again!"

He raised a hand covered in blood—tiger's blood. But he seemed unaware of that.

"The last I remember, the tiger was advancing on us," Kasim said in a choked voice. "What happened? What did I miss?"

"What happened?!" Bagh Khan's voice boomed out. "You killed the beast!"

Kasim stared in astonishment at his father's sudden appearance.

Bagh Khan helped his son to his feet. When Kasim saw the dead tiger, he gaped in amazement.

"I—I did that?" he asked in a small voice.

"You sure did," Indy said loyally.

"I don't know how I managed." Kasim sounded dazed.

"It was—um—incredible!" Indy assured the prince. Then he turned to the newcomers. "What I don't understand is how you knew to come to the rescue."

"We had a suspicion something might be going wrong," Professor Jones said, "Especially when an elephant came rampaging past us with blood on its shoulders." He shrugged. "I'm afraid it left the line of beaters in disarray."

"They ran," Denis Thornton said. "And I wouldn't blame them. Not with an elephant running amok in their direction."

"I'm afraid we didn't have such a dramatic clue," Willie Alden said. "The *Nawab* and I were coming in from the north. We had moved ahead of the beaters. But instead of the tiger, we found a hunter.

"It was that nasty-looking fellow—Hungerford's first mate—who burst out of the brush. He looked like the devil himself had been chasing him. When he saw us, he began babbling about his *sahib* being in danger. Not to mention you boys."

"Fear loosened the man's tongue amazingly," Bagh Khan said. "Perhaps I should keep a tiger for use in my courts. I could just let the witnesses see him. If they react as this Sarik did, I would hear much more truth than falsehood."

"He told us all about Hungerford's business dealings," Alden said grimly. "Especially after the prince noticed the tattoo on the man's hand."

At that moment, Amos Hungerford tottered into the clearing. He had one hand on his chest, and his rifle dragged behind him. For once, the millionaire didn't look hungry. His usually ruddy face was a mixture of gray and green.

"Oooooooh," he groaned. "Wha—what happened?"

"It seems you became, ah, *unwell* while facing a tiger," said Bagh Khan. He gave the millionaire a bland smile.

"By great good luck, the *Nawabzada* Kasim was able to rescue you." Willie Alden gestured toward the slaughtered tiger.

Hungerford turned even greener as he looked at the dead animal.

"It raises an interesting point of honor," Alden went on. "Had you rescued Prince Kasim, you could have asked for a boon."

Indy's ears perked up at the word "boon." Perhaps Sarik had blabbed everything about Hungerford's plot.

"Oh, Mr. Hungerford knows about that." Kasim was obviously beginning to suspect something was up. "He asked all about our customs."

"Instead, the prince rescued *you*, Mr. Hungerford," Alden said. "Does that mean that *you* owe a boon?"

The color began to return to Hungerford's pasty face. His mouth worked angrily. "Don't joke," he said. "I could have been killed."

"It seems only fair." Denis Thornton's voice was mild enough as he spoke, but his tone was pointed. "You're a rich man. But you couldn't enjoy your wealth if you weren't alive."

Hungerford glared at his former employee. "Have you gone out of your mind?"

"I'm just talking about fairness." Thornton said. "For instance, what would be a fair price for your life?" He glanced toward Kasim.

As the prince listened, a grin tugged at the corners of his mouth. "I say!" He spoke to Hungerford in his most annoying Oxford accent. "This is quite a puzzle. When you

bargained with my father for a piece of ivory, you offered a *lakh* of rupees."

He smiled more widely at the man who'd nearly gotten him killed. "Surely you'd value your life more highly. Should we say ten *lakhs* of rupees?"

"Oh." Indy chimed in, hiding a grin of his own, "I'd say a *crore* of rupees, at least."

Hungerford stood in horror for a moment. Then he whirled around to Willie Alden. "Do you hear these people?" he demanded. "You make a joke, and they try to extort a fortune from me!"

The political officer raised his eyebrows. "What joke?" he inquired. "And what am I to do about it?"

"*Do?*" Hungerford set his jaw. "Stop them! That's what I expect you to do! Your superiors must have told you—"

"My superiors told me you're an important foreigner. I am to extend you every courtesy. So I suppose it's courteous to remind you that you're not in the Raj anymore. You're in Killahabad, Mr. Hungerford. And the local authority is Bagh Khan."

"But—but—but—" Hungerford sounded

like a small engine. "You're the political agent! You've got to protect me! I'm an American citizen! I—"

"And I'm a British official." Alden interrupted him bluntly. "The last American I saw was a traveling dentist. That was back in the hot weather. Fellow botched the job on me. Had to pull a tooth."

Alden patted his jaw, remembering. "I have no great love for Americans." He glanced at Indy and his father. "Some of the present company excepted, of course."

"Did you hear how much they're demanding from me?" Hungerford sounded desperate. "Do you know what that's worth in dollars?"

"I know what it's worth in pounds sterling." Alden's voice grew unfriendly. "But we ought to keep the sum in rupees. We *are* on foreign soil, after all."

Hungerford turned to his last hope. "What do you think about this, Professor Jones?"

"I think you're probably richer than most medieval monarchs, Mr. Hungerford," the professor said, after thinking for a moment.

"And they fulfilled their debts of honor."

Before his father dragged up some example from six hundred years ago, Indy broke in. "Consider the alternative. A lot of people die in tiger hunts."

"You can't make me give up what's mine." Hungerford sounded as stubborn as a mule.

"But somehow it's all right for you to take what's *mine*." Bagh Khan looked at Hungerford as if he were an odd animal in a zoo. "You have a history of such problems. There was a case in Tientsin—"

Hungerford glared at Indy, then at Thornton.

"—two cases in Peking, and another in Jakarta, on your way to China."

Hungerford's jaw dropped. He stared at the *Nawab* as if he were seeing ghosts. "How did you find out—I mean, how dare you accuse me—"

"Of theft?" Bagh Khan inquired grimly. "Easily enough. The burglar with the tiger tattoo is in my hands."

The big millionaire suddenly sagged like a deflating balloon. His shoulders and belly drooped. He looked at the ground. Finally,

he spoke in a small voice. "Is it all right if I give you a check?"

"As long as you stay here until the document clears." Bagh Khan's voice was sure and steady. "I appreciate your...generous offer to my son. So I shall reply with equal generosity. The Ivory Iskander is yours."

Every eye went to the ruler in surprise. "One thing this adventure has proven to me—Killahabad is too small a state to keep such a treasure. Others would try to steal it." Bagh Khan nodded toward Hungerford. "And they might succeed. My choices are to present the artwork to the British Museum, or to sell at the best price."

He smiled at his son. "We can do much good with a *crore* of rupees."

Kasim smiled back—like a ruler, not a silly Oxford snob. Then he winced, putting his hand on a wound in his shoulder. "I hope the elephants aren't too far away. I'll need a ride back to the fort." With that, he fainted.

Bagh Khan thrust his gun at Willie Alden and swept up his son in powerful arms.

Alden, Thornton, and Professor Jones carefully lifted Ranjit Singh. Hungerford trailed after them.

Indy stayed behind in the trampled clearing. There was something he had to look for. He circled the crushed underbrush, eyes peeled for the glint of gold....

There it was. A broken tree branch shifted in the breeze. Dangling among its leaves, nearly hidden, were the amulet and chain.

It took only seconds to work the necklace free. The chain was broken, but the carved tiger's-eye amulet was unharmed.

Indy jiggled the gem in his hand. Had it snagged on the branch as a real tiger bounded past? Or had that tiger been Kasim, magically changing back to human form?

For a long moment, Indy considered throwing the amulet away in the jungle. But at last he slipped it into his pocket. He followed the others to the elephants.

Indy waited until Kasim was back in Kil-lahabad fort and alone in his sickroom. Then he went to speak with the prince.

"Good news!" Kasim announced as Indy

arrived in the chamber. "The doctors say Ranjit Singh will be fine." He patted the bandages he was wrapped up in. "In fact, they say he'll heal more quickly than I will."

"Glad to hear it." Indy dug in his pocket. "I found this back in the jungle." He took out the amulet.

Kasim lay back on his pillows. "Oh, *that* beastly thing. I was beginning to hope I'd lost it." A ghost of a smile came to his lips. "I hope you won't see this as hopelessly superstitious, but—"

Indy eagerly leaned forward. Was he about to hear the truth about the mysterious amulet? "But?"

"It's certainly the worst good-luck charm I've ever seen. Since I found it, I've been thrown from a horse and an elephant. I fell down a well, and I was nearly eaten by a tiger." Kasim laughed. "Perhaps I should give the blasted trinket to Hungerford."

"Maybe you should do that—get it away from Killahabad and that lost city." Indy grinned. "And what better present for a nasty millionaire than a cursed amulet?"

Then he looked worried. “On the other hand...”

Kasim chuckled. “Still worrying about local hoodoos?”

“Maybe,” Indy admitted. “Just promise me you won’t teach Hungerford that little spell from the pillar.”

Kasim gave him a look. “Wouldn’t you want him cursed as a were-tiger?”

Indy shrugged. “Maybe Hungerford’s learned his lesson,” he said. “But that guy’s predator enough *without* teeth and claws.”

Historical Notes

The histories of Britain and India were tied together for more than 350 years. To the British, India was an exotic land where brave men could find adventure and riches. But India had a long history before the days of the British Raj.

India was home to one of the world's great early civilizations. Cities rose in the Indus River Valley when Europe was still wilderness. Interestingly, no one in the story you just read would have known about the Indus Valley cities. Archaeologists didn't discover them until the 1920s.

Great empires rose and fell in India. Invaders came. Some were driven off. Others added new peoples to the vast sub-continent.

Then the British arrived. Starting from small trading bases in Madras and Bengal, British influence spread until India became the "jewel in the crown" of an empire so big the sun never set on it. The British Raj was maintained by amazingly small numbers of people. Little more than a thousand senior civil servants ran the government. A population numbering tens of millions was controlled by only 62,000 British soldiers and 125,000 Indian troops. Compare that to America's peacetime army of half a million.

Only half of India was directly run by the British. The rest of the vast Indian empire lived under local rulers. Some of these princes were incredibly wealthy, ruling lands as large as some American states. Some, like the fictional Bagh Khan, ruled "countries" that could be crossed in a morning's walk.

Willie Alden is also a fictional character, based on stories of real political agents. The

hunt for the man-eating tiger, with all the beaters and elephants, is also based on true stories.

At the time of this story, hundreds of thousands of tigers lived in Asia. Today, there are fewer than 10,000, and they live in ever-shrinking wild areas. The Bengal tiger is trying to fight its way off the endangered-species list. Only time will tell whether it survives.

As for were-tigers, it's hard to say whether they're real or not. But there are many Indian stories about people turning into tigers, just as there are many European tales of werewolves. The stories told about were-tigers in this book are all taken from old Indian folktales.

In 1914, when this story is set, people expected British rule in India to last forever. Yet only thirty-three years later, in 1947, Britain gave up its Indian empire. Much of the credit for this change must be given to Mahatma Gandhi, who organized a massive freedom campaign.

Freedom brought great problems, even wars. The old imperial lands were broken

up along religious lines. Princely states were absorbed into new nations. Instead of the empire and a patchwork of rajahs, *nawabs*, and other rulers, three countries—India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh—now look to the future.

TO FIND OUT MORE, CHECK OUT...

India: An Ancient Land, a New Nation by Amita V. Sarin. Published by Dillon Press. 1985. This book will tell you everything you'd ever want to know about India, from the symbolism of the official seal to the country's holy books and fables. It even has appendixes that list Indian embassies in the U.S. and the different languages of India. Full-color photos add to the fun. Glossary, bibliography, index.

Wonders of Tigers by Sigmund A. Lavine. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, 1987. This short book gives a fascinating overview of the physical traits of tigers. It also discusses tiger myths, such as the belief that tigers enslave the ghosts of humans they kill. The black-and-white photos would be better in color, but there's so much information here, you may not notice. Index.

Cat (Eyewitness Books) by Juliet Clutton-Brock. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, 1991. Another gorgeous book in a wonderful series. Hundreds of full-color photos make this book difficult to put down. If you're wondering why workers in India wear masks on the backs of their heads, get this book and find out!

Werewolves: A Collection of Original Stories edited by Jane Yolen and Martin H. Greenberg. Published by Harper & Row, 1988. Books about weretigers are tough to come by,

but this group of fifteen werewolf stories breathes a lot of life into a similar legend. Caution: Not to be read before bedtime!

Maharaja: The Spectacular Heritage of Princely India by Andrew Robinson. Photographs by Sumio Uchivama. Published by the Vendome Press, 1988. Find out how Bagh Khan's ancestors lived. This sumptuous oversize full-color picture book is filled with brilliant full-page photos of lavish royal jewelry, costumes, palaces, and more. Read about the eighteen-year-old maharani whose jewels weighed more than she did! You may have to look in the adult section of the public library for this one, but it's worth the trip. Bibliography, map, chronology, index.

The British Raj (The Documentary History Series) by Denis Judd. Published by Wayland (Publishers) Ltd., 1972. Reissued in 1987. Black-and-white photos and easy-to-read text come together in this complete guide to India's colorful history under British rule. You'll find this book, packed with interesting tidbits, hard to put down. Notes on sources, glossary, bibliography, index.

The Jungle Book by Rudyard Kipling. There are many editions of this classic tale, in which a young Indian boy named Mowgli is raised by wolves in the jungle. This book has entertained people for the past hundred years!

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